

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buck.* He is my Lord, and hath discharg'd his troopes,  
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,  
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traiterous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter Master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,  
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,  
I heere present the traiterous head of *Cade*,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*King.* Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,  
That haſt ſubdued that wicked traitor thus.  
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life  
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,  
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
Preſageth warlike humors in his life.  
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward  
Shalt be immediately created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your Grace,  
A poore Eſquire of Kent.

*King.* Then riſe vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,  
Beſide the firme reward that was proclaim'd,  
For thoſe that could performe this worthy acte,  
And thou ſhalt waite vpon the perſon of the King.

*Eyden.* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my King.

*Exit.  
Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaſter.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.*

*King.* O *Buckingham*, ſee where *Somerſet* comes,  
Bid him go hide himſelfe till *Yorke* be gone.

*Queen.* He ſhall not hide himſelfe for feare of *Yorke*,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Who's that, proud *Somerſet* at liberty?  
Baſe fearefull *Henry* that thus diſhonor'ſt me,  
By heauen, thou ſhalt not gouerne ouer me:  
I cannot brooke that Traitors preſence here,  
Nor will I ſubie& be to ſuch a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Reſigne thy Crowne proud *Lancaſter* to me,  
That thou vſurped haſt ſo long by force,  
For now is *Yorke* reſolu'd to claime his owne,  
And riſe aloft into faire Englands Throne.

*Somer.* Proud traitor, I areſt thee on high treason,  
Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falſe *Yorke*,  
For heere I ſwear thou ſhalt vnto the Tower,  
For theſe proud words which thou haſt giuen the King.

*King.* Thou art deceiu'd, my ſonnes ſhall be my baile,  
And ſend thee there in deſpight of him.  
Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call *Clifford* hither preſently.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke's ſonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and  
crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiours: &  
at the other doore, enter Clifford and his ſonne, with Drumme and  
Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and ſpeakes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and ſoueraigne King.

*Yorke.* We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,  
If thou didſt miſtake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way miſtake, this is my King.  
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus  
To leuie armes againſt his lawfull King.

*Cliff.* Why doth not your grace ſend him to the Tower?

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*Queene.*